To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one : *Enter* Caſ.
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſraine
From the excesse of laughter : here he comes :
As he ſhall ſmile *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong : How doe you now Leiutenant ?
Caſ. The worſer that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.
Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now, if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.
Caſ. Alas poore catiue.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughes it out.
Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio?*
Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on ;
Goe to, well ſaide.
Iag She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it ?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph ?
Caſ. I marry her ? what ? a Cuſtomer ;
I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome : ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, they laugh that wins.
Iag. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.
Caſ. Prethee ſay true.
Iag. I am a very villaine elſe.
Oth. Ha you ſcoar'd me ? well.
Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out ; ſhe is perſwaded I will marry her, out of her own loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.
Oth. *Iago* beckons me, now he bigins the ſtory.
Caſ. She was heere euen now, ſhe haunts me in euery place, I was tother day talking on the ſea banke with certaine *Venetians*, and thither comes this bauble, falls me thus about my necke.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, O deare *Caſsio*, a
Caſ. So hangs, and iolls, and w
me, ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how ſhe plu
I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that
Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue her com
Before me, looke where ſhe comes,
Tis ſuch another Fitchew ; marry
meane by this haunting of me ?
Bian. Let the deuill and his dam
by that ſame handkerchiefe you g
foole to take it ; I muſt take out th
that you ſhould find it in your cha
there : this is ſome minxes token,
there giue it the hobby horſe ; whe
worke on't.
Caſ. How now my ſweet *Bian*
Oth. By heauen that ſhould be
Bia. An you'll come to ſupper t
come when you are next prepar'd fo
Iag. After her, after her.
Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l raile i'the ſtre
Iag. You ſup there.
Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.
Iag. Well, I may chance to ſee y
with you.
Caſ. Prethe come will you ?
Iag. Goe to, ſay no more.
Oth. How ſhall I murder him *I*
Iag. Did you perceiue, how he
Oth. O *Iaga.*
Iag And did you ſee the handke
Oth. Was that mine ?
I would haue him nine yeres a killi
a ſweet woman.
Iag. Nay, you muſt forget that
Oth. And let her rot and periſh,
ſhall not liue : no, my heart is turn'd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.